THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing; Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

VOL. III. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1879. NO. 51.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
E. Board, Clerk, Hardinsburg.
V. G. Babbage, Master Commissioner, Hardinsburg.
D. S. Richardson, Sheriff, Union Star. Deputies—C. M. McGlothlan, Union Star; John Alexander, Hardinsburg; C. W. Moorman, Cloverport, and G. W. Beard, Hardinsburg.
Court convenes second Mondays in April and November, and continues two weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Cloverport.
Hon. Joseph Haycraft, Attorney, Owensboro.
E. Board, Clerk, Hardinsburg.
John Slaton, Jailer, Hardinsburg.
Court begins first Mondays in June and December, and continues two weeks, each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Milton Board, Judge, Hardinsburg.
G. P. Jolly, Clerk, Hardinsburg.
W. K. Barnes, Attorney, Hardinsburg.
Court begins on the third Monday in each month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Convenes fourth Mondays in March, June, September and December.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Sits the third Mondays in January and November.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Lea Cashman, Assessor, Webster.
J. B. Beard, Surveyor, Bewleyville.
Harvey Brumfield, Coroner, Union Star.
N. Mc. Mercer, School Commissioner, Hardinsburg.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopal Church (South).—Rev. W. W. Lambert, Pastor. Hardinsburg preaching 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m.; Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Oakland—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Mt. Zion—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m.; Dr. R. O. Putlam, Superintendent.

Cave Spring—Preaching every 1st Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Webster—Preaching every 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at night.

Union Star—Preaching every 3d Sabbath at at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.; Richard Cox, Superintendent. Class meetings every 1st and 3d Sabbaths. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

CLOVERPORT.

Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor.—Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday-School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; R. R. Pierce, Superintendent.

Methodist Church (South), Rev. J. L. Edrington, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock; P. V. Duncan, Superintendent. Regular preaching at Holt's Bottom the 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at Liberty the 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; Jno. A. Murray, Superintendent.

Catholic Church, Rt. Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Pastor.—Services the 1st Sabbath in every month, and on the Monday after the third Sunday in every month.

J. C. BABBAGE,

Attorney at Law,
CLOVERPORT, KY.

Will practice his profession in all the courts of Breckenridge and adjoining counties. Prompt attention will be given to all claims placed in his hands for collection, at reasonable rates. n32ly

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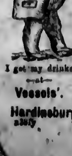

OUR PLEDGE.

We do pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of all adulterated wines, liquors, beer, &c., and do promise that for our comfort, pleasure and nourishment, we will use none but the best, such as is always found at

I get my drinks —at— Vessels'.

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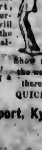

Show me the way there, QUICK!

Hardinsburg and Cloverport, Ky. a3sly

The Song.

HER LAST WORDS.

No! Let me go alone—'tis better so;
My way and yours lie widely far apart,
Why should you stop to grieve about my woe?
And why should I not step across your heart?
A man's heart is a poor thing at the best,
And yours is no whit better than the rest.

I loved you once? Ah, yes! perhaps I did.
Women are curious things, you know, and strange,
And hard to understand; and then, besides,
The key of her soul's music oft doth change,
And so—ah, do not look at me that way—
I loved you once? But that was yesterday.

Sometimes a careless word doth rankle deep—
So deep that it can change a heart like this,
And blot out all the long sweet throbbing hours
That went before crowned gold with rapturous bliss,
So deep that it can blot out hours divine,
And make a heart as hard and cold as mine.

Nay, do not speak, I never can forget;
So let us say good-by and go our ways.
Mayhap the pansies will start from the dust
Of our past days—the slumberous, happy days,
When I was trusting, and life knew no grief,
But blossomed with my clinging, sweet belief.

Good-by! good-by! Part of my life you take—
Its fairest part. Nay, do not touch my lips,
Once they were yours—but now, ah, my lost love,
I would not have you touch my finger tips.
And saying this I feel no chill of pain—
I can not even weep above my slain.

If God cares aught for women who have loved
And worshiped idols false, I trust he will
Keep us so far apart that never more
Our paths may cross. Why are you standing still?
Good-by, I say. This is the day's dim close—
Our love is no more than last year's rose.

The Story.

JOHN DAX.

A Romance of Poverty.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER IX.—Ellen is Grateful.

It was thus that the idol fell which John Dax had worshiped. A wild fancy had given way to reality, and Mary Morison, of Gibbon Street, was a poor weak mortal after all. In her passion and despair she had betrayed the trust which John had placed in her, and taken his money to restore a lover to her side. The man's legacy had been the means of destroying the one hope that he had ever had; he had shut himself out of the daylight for good. He understood now why Mary had blushed and trembled of late days, and before her illness, at meeting him occasionally: it was remorse. There was no wild thrill of pleasure at that recollection now; his romance was at an end. After all, it was only the romance of a back street; and what could such a hero as John Dax have expected?

He went down stairs into the parlor, where Ellen awaited him. She looked anxiously into his face, and said, reprovingly,

"You have let her talk too much; you have been inconsiderate."

He was always in the wrong, poor fellow!

"I have been as careful as I could," he said, by way of excuse; "but your sister had a good deal to tell me."

"Of our long quarrel?" she inquired, moodily. "Ah, it was hardly necessary that you should know it."

"I think it was," he answered, thoughtfully.

"And yet she was anxious about you of late days. There was a reason for it, I suppose?" she asked, a little curiously.

John Dax saw his opportunity here. Even in his disappointment he was considerate for the woman he loved.

"Yes, Miss Ellen, there was a reason. The money up stairs—you remember."

"What of that?" was the quick inquiry. "She—she never—"

"It was lent to her to buy Alec's discharge, to pay his passage back to England, to help him in any way upon his journey," said John Dax, coolly and firmly.

"Lent by you—for her sake!" exclaimed Ellen.

"What use was the money to me, when she was fretting for the soldier away in India?"

"You can never be repaid," said Ellen.

"I don't care to be," answered John, "though I am not so sure of it, for all that."

"John," said Ellen, seizing his hand in hers, "I did not think you could be so kind and generous as this. Why did you not tell me before?"

"It was a little surprise of mine," he said, with a short laugh.

"A surprise indeed. And you have known Mary's love story all the while, and sympathized with her and helped her, and forgotten your poor foolish dreams! And yet—"

John interrupted her second train of thought.

"I have not known every thing very clearly till to-day," he said; "there was a little mystery—not much—and Miss Mary has set that right at last. As for Alec"—he spoke as if he had known his rival and had been interested in him for years, and his manner of recital helped to deceive his listener—"although I shall be glad to see him back for your sister's sake, I think I shall be gladder for yours."

"What do you mean?"

"His coming back will end the long quarrel, won't it?"

She flushed crimson, and wrung her hands silently together. "She was never to speak to me till he came again," she murmured, "and he is on his way. Yes," she added, gravely, "for that one reason I shall be glad to see him."

"I thought you would. You don't bear malice now?"

"Malice!" she repeated, quickly. "Do you think I—" Then she paused, and looked at John attentively, and substituted another question for the one that remained half finished on her lips.

"Has Mary told you the story of our quarrel?"

"Most of it. She said you would tell the rest."

"How I loved Alec Williamson first, and how she came between us?"

"Yes, and how you continued to separate them until—"

"Until, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he enlisted for a soldier, poor martyr," she said, sadly rather than bitterly. "Well, well, John, let her version of the story stand; it is not deserving of further explanation, and I am too proud to offer it."

She looked a very proud woman at that moment, John thought, and he regarded her as an enigma very difficult to solve. For an instant there flitted across the dull mind of this one-ideaed man the suspicion that it was Ellen Morison who had been injured and cast down, and who was deserving of all kindly consideration, from the early days of a cruel disappointment until now; and then he thought of Mary lying ill up stairs, and his charity sided with his pity for her. Mary had been deceived, and her unforgiving sister Ellen was the evil genius of her life—that was how he read the legend to the last. He was wrong; but he was not the first to misjudge a woman, and think the worst of her when she was at her best. It is a man's prerogative and a woman's fate occasionally.

"There is one favor I want to ask of you before I go away this morning," John said, after a long silence between them. It had been in his mind ever since Mary's revelation, and he had not found the courage to mention it till he was standing at the door ready to depart.

"You can not ask a favor of us that will be refused, if it lie in our power to grant it," she exclaimed, readily.

"It is in your power only."

"What is it?"

"When I first came back I spoke of my foolish love for the poor girl up stairs."

"Yes."

"It died out, of course—that is, any hope I had died off clean when I heard about the soldier, and when we were arranging our plans to buy him off, and so on."

"I am glad you did not brood upon it at all," said Ellen.

"And my only trouble now is that Mary—Miss Mary, as I ought to call her still," he added, apologetically—"should ever hear of my silly fancy for her. I don't want any body to know this. I wish I'd never told you a word about it now."

"It might do her good to hear the story some day," mused Ellen.

"No, it wouldn't," John said, flatly contradicting her; "and it makes me look soft and stupid. I'm both; I know that; you know it too, and are smiling at me, though you try hard to look serious; but I couldn't help liking her a great deal once. But don't tell her so—ever—will you?"

"I will not," Ellen Morison promised.

"That's right," said John, evidently relieved in his mind. "I can go back to my work now jolly. It seems all squaring round so well. Miss Mary getting stronger, forgetting and forgiving every thing you have done to her, and her young man coming back from India to make her heart light for ever and ever. Why, this is capital."

"And all this your doing," said Ellen, gratefully; and her hands were extended toward him again. "It is from your sacrifice that the happiness will spring. What have we done to deserve it?"

"You were kind to me in the old days," he stammered forth. "I can not forget it."

"And, John, we will never forget you."

"Thankee, thankee," he said, twice.

"Our only friend, our best friend, God bless you!" she said, gratefully. Then she released his hand and let him go away, standing and watching his thoughtful progress down the street, and whispering her blessing after him again. He was not deserving of it. He had not acted as she thought he had. Mary had not left him the chance of being worthy of one poor woman's gratitude. Of these three shadowy characters of Gibbon Street not one fairly understood the other to the end of time.

CHAPTER X.—"Happy Together."

John Dax had become a hero in spite of himself, and there was no dropping the character. There were two young women grateful to him: Mary, for his forgiveness, his warm-heartedness, and all he had said to assure her that the money was her own to dispose of as best pleased her; and Ellen, because he had done so much to bring happiness to the repository. It had not come yet, but he was none the less a hero. Heroism had been thrust upon him, and it did not seem at first glance as if it were agreeing with him. A good action had scarcely been its own reward, and he was dull and grave, until the question came uppermost one day. Did he regret all that he had done to help them?

No, no; he did not regret it; he was not sorry he had parted with his money to bring back Alec Williamson; he was glad of it, but he should not be truly happy until the lover's return. This, or something like this, was his reply; he was only thoughtful for fear that his efforts had been in vain, and that the better times would never come.

For these assurances he was always welcome to Gibbon Street. Mary knew why he talked in this strain, and took the task on himself to screen her from suspicion. Ellen only read a noble and disinterested nature in the man who had done so much for them. There were bright smiles and friendly pressures of the hand for John Dax now. The shadow of his past estate did not fall upon him. They had forgotten their rescue of him from the streets in the winter's snow. They respected him, nay, reverenced him, as a man who had done much to clear away the clouds about their lives.

He came every day till Mary was down stairs again, and Ellen at her old post behind the counter. Here was the same situation as of old, but they three were waiting for the change to it. There was a shimmer of happiness already about the house. There were smiles exchanged between the sisters. There was no bitter wrong now, only the affliction of a rash vow which both were sorry for, and of which both were longing to see the end.

And the beginning of the end came when Mary had been down stairs a fortnight.

John Dax was proceeding at his usual slow rate down Gibbon Street one evening, when Ellen, cloaked and bonneted, met him on his way to the repository. He would have passed without seeing her, had she not caught him by the arm.

"Ah! Ellen, is that you? There's nothing the matter, I hope?" he added, as he became aware that she was paler than usual.

"There's nothing wrong, but there is something the matter, John," said Ellen: "can't you guess what it is?"

"Yes, I think I can," he answered.

They walked on in silence for a few steps, then John said,

"He has come back?"

"Yes"

"He is at the repository?"

"Yes."

"Was Mary very pleased to see him?" was his third question.

"Very pleased," answered Ellen. "I did not hear what she said. I came into the street and left them together. I could not stop."

"Not to speak a word to Mary, after all these awful years!" he exclaimed.

"I shall see her presently," replied Ellen, becoming a shade paler beneath his sharp reproof. "I did not wish to mar the first moments of their meeting by my interference. They will not miss me, and I thought I would come and meet you."

John did not thank her for the trouble she had taken—did not think of thanking her. It did not strike him that she had left her work and come out of her way to spare him the sting of the first shock—to prepare him for the fact of Alec Williamson's return. He did not even know that he needed preparation, but Ellen Morison did. She had watched him closely of late days, and knew how weak he was, for all his air of self-command.

"The happiness has come at last. I am glad," he said, in a low tone, as Ellen turned and walked back with him in the direction of home.

"Very glad?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered, with more firmness than she had anticipated. "It settles the matter, you see."

"I think I see more than this," she said.

"What's that?" he asked with eagerness.

"That you are the most unselfish man whom I have ever met."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"The one unselfish man, I might have said," she added, dryly; "and yet there was a time when Mary and I looked down upon you, pitied you, and patronized you."

"And if it had not been for your pity and your patronage—"

"Pray don't be grateful to us any more," said Ellen, shivering. "The times are changed, and we have changed places with them. Here is home."

"It will be like home at last, I hope," said John.

"Amen. I hope so," answered Ellen Morison.

They walked into the shop together. John hung back, and took a long deep breath as they approached the parlor, but Ellen Morison went in with unflinching gaze and a step that faltered not. She had the courage to face the old love boldly, but the love had died out, and was past any chance of renewal.

She went toward her sister, sitting by her lover's side, with her hand in his, and said,

"Mary."

The younger sister was weak still; she rose trembling in every limb, and put her wasted arm around Ellen's neck.

"At last," she whispered; than both women were unnerved for a little while.

Ellen was the first to recover. She turned to John and confronted him with Alec, a broad-chested, tawny-haired and handsome Scotchman, forever on the smile—as well he might be, at that early stage of his return.

"This is the best friend we have ever had in our lives," said Ellen. "Your best friend, too, Alec, for it was his sovereigns that saved you."

"Sir, I thank ye," said Alec, in a broad accent, as he rose and crushed our hero's fingers somewhat remorselessly in his own. "I am proud to make yeer acquaintance; a freend of my Mary's is a freend of mine for life, sir—for life."

"You are very good," said John, when he had got his hand out of the vise.

"You will be glad to hear, John," said Mary, "that Alec has seen some of his relations, and he is likely to obtain a situation almost at once."

"Yes, I am glad of that," echoed John.

"In a wholesale warehouse—somewhere."

"Then we shall begin saring for you," cried Mary, "putting by something every week—"

"If ever so little," added Alec, cautiously. —"To pay off the debt we own you."

"You need not trouble about that—for a year or two," answered John.

"Sit ye down, mon, sit ye down; ye hae been a gaid freend to us," cried Alec, heartily. And John sat down for a few minutes, and stared at the fire, and thought himself very much in the way of all this happiness, which had come in a great rush to Gibbon Street at last.

He was uncomfortably conscious, too, that Ellen Morison watched him more furtively than he watched the lovers, and he resented this in his heart.

He did not like to meet her eyes—to see in them a concern for him, a fear lest he should break down and make a scene there, as if he were not above that kind of thing, and strong as a lion! He had accomplished his task, and every one was content, and it would soon be time for him to leave these lovers to themselves, although it was difficult to quit them in the face of their united protestations for him to remain. Presently they seemed to forget him more, and to talk in a lower tone of the past and the future; and, without much respect for the "proprieties," Alec put his arm round Mary's waist and drew her close to his side, while the fair young head drooped trustfully and affectionately upon the shoulders of her lover. Now and then Alec addressed the company generally, talked a little of India, a great deal of his chances in the world, and a great deal more about himself, allowing his listeners to see, if they cared to see, that he had a very strong idea in his own mind that he was a clever sort of fellow. He was hardly the hero whom John had pictured as claiming Mary Morison—he was too big and boisterous and beefy—but he loved the little dress-maker very much, and Mary was very fond of him, and they would live happily forever afterward.

John Dax was interested in his conversation.

"I should think soldiering not a bad idea for a man, take it altogether," he observed.

"Aye, for a mon who gaes awa' to serve his countrie honestly," cried Alec, "for there's glory in it. But it's vera ill soldierin' with a trooble or a wrang at the heart."

"Aye, but for a fellow with no ties, no wrongs, no troubles, nothing to keep him at a trade, and only an empty top room that he can call his home, I should say the army was the thing, now."

"Why, *you* are not thinking of the army, John?" said Mary, with a merry little laugh at the idea.

"Why should I?" rejoined John, laughing for a minute, and while Mary was looking at him; and then the subject was dismissed, and the lovers began to whisper together again.

John Dax was sure that he must be considerably in the way; he was quite sure of it when Alec and Mary forgot him altogether, and Alec's big red whisker, the left one, was crushed against the cheek of his betrothed, and Alec looked down into her eyes and once kissed her unblushingly before company. There was no particular etiquette about this kind of thing in Gibbon Street, and John was not shocked at the demonstration. He was only certain that it would be perfectly advisable to get away from it all, and when a chance customer took Ellen into the shop, he seized the opportunity of the door being ajar to walk softly from the parlor too. He was right. Alec and Mary did not know that he was gone, that he was passing cautiously, almost on tiptoe, across the shop toward the fresh air beyond. He looked at Ellen, and nodded a good-night, an from her post behind the counter she said,

"Wait an instant, John."

He waited at her request till the customer was served, standing at the door and looking dreamily down the ill-lighted street, Ellen Morison startled him at last by her hand upon his shoulder.

"Have you bidden them good-bye?" she asked.

"No, no; they were busy."

"Busy?"

"That is, they were very happy sweethearting," he said, "and it was a pity to disturb them."

"But you are going away for a long while?"

"How do you know?" asked John, surprised at this exhibition of clear-sightedness.

"I read it in your face to-night. Is it not true?"

"Well, yes; for—"

"For what?"

"For it's no use coming to trouble either of you again. I—I sha'n't want to come now."

"They will be glad to see you at the wedding."

"Oh no," cried John; "no, thank you!"

"You are her friend and mine, and we are short of friends. Mary will go soon to her new home, and I shall be very lonely here, if even *you* will not look in to say good evening sometimes."

Her voice faltered, but he did not perceive it. If she were making love to him and these young dress-makers are astonishing forward at times—he never knew it, never took the hint conveyed by Ellen's manner, never thought it possible to be loved even by a good-looking girl a little older than himself. He had sketched forth his future, too, and he went away that night in search of it.

He bade Ellen good-bye; he desired her to remember him kindly, most kindly, to Mary and Alec. He promised to write some day even, so that they might know where to send the money to him when they wanted; and then Ellen Morison watched him out of her sight into the night mists that were thick in Gibbon street, and through which the lonely man was never seen returning to a woman still more lonely than himself.

John Dax enlisted for a soldier and died of fever on the Gold Coast before he had ever smelled powder. Even in the pursuit of glory it was his ill fortune to meet Yellow Jack instead. He was one of the many who are forever out of luck's way.

THE END.

What is it that a man with two eyes can not see with one? 'Tother eye.

Cooking Recipes.

Ham Sandwiches.—Chop fine the lean of cold boiled ham; season with prepared mustard and black pepper. Add melted butter and sweet cream until smooth like a paste; then spread between buttered slices of bread.

Glazed Ham.—Boil a ham, then mix one cup of currant jelly and one cup of wine together, and warm the mixture. Put the ham in the oven and baste with the mixture, and the result will be a handsome red glazing over the ham.

Corn Oysters.—One dozen grated corn (sweet), three tablespoonfuls of cream, two do of flour one do. of butter, one egg well beaten; mix and bake in small cakes on a griddle. Spread with best butter. The most perfect dish ever eaten.

Sauce Supreme.—This is a useful sauce for boiled fowl and white meats. Ingredients—One pint of white stock, one ounce of flour, one of butter, the juice of one lemon; nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste. Mode—Warm the stock and thicken it with the butter and flour, then the lemon juice, nutmeg and pepper, boil up and pour over the fowls, cutlets, etc., or serve separately.

Stewed Salsify.—Scrape the roots, dropping each into cold water as soon as cleaned, for exposure to the air blackens them; cut in inch long pieces; put in a sauce-pan hot water enough to cover, and stew until tender; then turn off the water and add a cup of cold milk. Stew ten minutes after this begins to boil; put in a large lump of butter, cut in bits and rolled in flour; pepper and salt to taste. Boil up once and serve.

Fried Salsify.—Scrape the roots as above; boil whole until tender; drain, and when cold mash with a wooden spoon to a smooth paste, taking out all fibres; moisten with milk; add one tablespoon of butter, and one and a half eggs for every cupful of salsify; beat the eggs light; make in round cakes; dredge with flour and fry brown.

Green Pea Soup.—Four pounds beef cut in small pieces, half peck green peas and one gallon water. Boil the empty pods of the peas in the water an hour before adding the beef. Strain and add the meat and boil an hour and a half longer. Half an hour before serving add the shelled peas, and in twenty minutes half a cup of rice flour, with salt and pepper. A little chopped parsley improves it. After the flour stir frequently not to scorch it. Strain in a hot tureen.

Roast Forequarter of Lamb.—Ingredients—Lamb, a little salt. Mode—To obtain the flavor of lamb in perfection, it should not be long kept; time to cool is all that it requires, and though the meat may be somewhat thready, the juices and flavor will be infinitely superior to that of lamb that has been killed two or three days; have a brisk fire when the joint is put down; baste it constantly until the moment of serving. Lamb should be thoroughly done without being dried up, and not the slightest appearance of red gravy should be visible as in roast mutton; this rule is applicable to all young roast white meats; serve with a little gravy made in the dripping pan and send to table with it a tureen of mint sauce, a fresh salad; a cut lemon, a small piece of butter and a little cayenne should also be placed on the table so that when the carver separates the shoulder from the ribs they may be ready for his use.

The Housewife.

A few bunches of elder-bush hung in a room will rid it of flies.

Candied Orange Peel.—Orange peel boiled in a thick syrup of white sugar until it granulates; packed in jars and syrup poured over. Keeps well and is excellent in fruit cake or in puddings, or eaten with rice cups.

Butter may be kept fresh and sweet in the hottest weather by putting it in a tin pail (suspended by a string) down in the well, or by setting the bowl containing it in a hollow vessel of water and covering it with a napkin, the ends of which are wel immersed in the water in the bottom dish.

A large sponge hung in the room at night or in the day time if it can be behind a convenient screen, and kept constantly wet will greatly assist in keeping a room cold, or a wet cloth hung in the window over the blind will cool the room as if a shower had fallen.

Dried and Candied Fruits.—This is the rule for drying and candying cherries. The same process would be followed with other fruits: Pick and stone the cherries; put them in layers, with powdered sugar, in a deep earthen dish, allowing half a pound of sugar to each pound of cherries; let them stand in a cool place three days; then boil all together in a copper preserving-kettle, drawing the kettle from the fire and stirring it down every time it boils until it has boiled up six times; then pour all into an earthen dish and let them cool; when cool take up the cherries from the syrup, drain them and lay them in thin layers on wire sieves in a warm oven to dry; turn them out on clean sieves every six hours until they are quite dry. They may then be packed in boxes between layers of clean paper.

A Cheap Ice Box.—An effective ice-box can be made by placing one tight box within another, leaving a space of three inches between the sides of the two, to be filled with powdered charcoal or saw-dust. Each box must have a tight lid, and between the space of the covers a piece of flannel of several folds should be laid. The outflow of the drippings of the ice should be arranged at the bottom of the box, and it will be all the better if the pipe that is inserted for this purpose is curved or twisted a little to keep out the air. A coarse woolen cover should be placed over the ice, and when the quantity is small it is an excellent plan to fill glass bottles with water early in the morning and keep them well corked and laid upon the ice until needed for drinking. If no ice can be obtained and there is no cold spring close at hand, very cold water can be obtained by filling a large earthen jar with it and putting it in the shade in a good current of air and wrapping the jar in a very thick woolen cloth (an old coat will answer for an outer wrap) and keeping it constantly wet. This causes evaporation of heat and cools the water finely.

Wit and Jest.

"I just came in to ask a scent
From you, dear Mrs. Rhyme."
"Why, certainly. You're welcome, friend—
Here is just half a dime."
"Good joke!—ha! ha!—you do not see
On what I am intent."
And plucking here a fragrant rose—
"This is the scent I meant."

Can't be beat—A porcelain egg.

Embrace every opportunity that offers, but only one woman.

An ancient way of rocking a man to sleep was stoning him to death.

Who was George Washington? The man who couldn't get a monument.

Patience is a virtue which some people think every one needs but themselves.

A crust of bread and contentment therewith is better that a dish of strawberry ice-cream with a sore tooth.

"Oh," she said, "I think soda water is soda lisious." He took the hint and soda dime on the harvest-field of love.

Little boy at the opening of the proposed spelling match—"Let's start fair, grandmother. You take 'Nebuchadnezzar' and I'll take 'cat'."

"Heaven," says a worthy gourmand, whose merit is the greater because he is a dyspeptic, "Heaven is where we eat, hell is where we digest."

"Give me your hand," said the schoolmaster, sternly. "And my heart, too," she replied meekly. Being pretty, her soft answer effectually turned away his wrath.

Two men started out to see which could tell the biggest lie. No. 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor—" No. 2 stopped him right there and paid the forfeit.

When a man and his wife are out walking, and see a "love of a bonnet" in a show window, they are both of one mind. She wants to go buy it, and he wants to go by it, too.

Adam had the advantage of all his sons in one thing, at last. He could embrace our common mother without being scratched to death by the pins that now hedge about a woman.

Some persons pretend to say that insects do not reason, but they want explain why a mosquito can pick out the only man with low-quartered shoes in a congregation of four hundred and fifty.

Butcher—"Come John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John (briskly)—"All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

An exchange tells of a girl who ran away from her rich lover on the night she was to have been married, and lit out with a good-looking poor fellow whom she loved. Don't believe it; but if it's true, the millennium is just at hand.

A very old lady on her death bed, in a penitent mood said: "I have been a great sinner for 80 years and didn't know it." An old darkey woman who had lived with her for a long time, exclaimed: "Lor! I knowed it all the time."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Phelps to the twelve men of Worthington, Minn., who had convicted his daughter for selling cider without a license, "all I've got to say is you're a set of jackasses, and you may wave your ears over that solemn truth." Mr. Phelps was fined ten dollars for contempt of court.

The other day some Congregational ministers in New Haven discussed the question "How to secure a higher tone of morality and business integrity in the churches." In the course of the discussion Dr. Bacon spoke of a deacon of whom one remarked, "Godward he is well enough, but manward he is a little risky."

The following bit of practical wisdom is from Rev. W. H. H. Murray: "Heaven is not populated with singing thieves, or palm-bearing bankrupts, who settle with their creditors at twenty-five cents on the dollar Wednesday, and ride to church the next Sabbath in a thousand dollar coach, with a man in livery on the box."

A promising youth of only seven summers, who had been accused of not always telling the truth, cross-examined his father. "Father, did you not use to whopper when you were a boy?" "No, my son," said the paternal, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness. "Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer. "Not—but why?" "Oh! because I don't see how two people who never told a whopper could have a boy that tells as many as I do."

It was plain enough to all other passengers on the ferry-boat that the two were in love and engaged, yet the girl seemed to doubt his ferror, just a little. Therefore, as the boat reached mid-stream she leaned over and tenderly said: "Johnnie, I am going to test your love. I am going to jump overboard, and if you really love me I know you'll jump after me and save me." "Yes, I'll jump after you," he slowly replied, "but, but—" "But what, Johnnie?" "But if I were you I'd take off my shoes first. Just the minute they haul you out of the water every woman in this crowd will rush to see whether you wear No. 2's or No. 5's, and if you are in your stocking feet they can't get the size." The girl drew her feet under the chair, sighed once or twice, and did not regain her old enthusiasm until the boy came along with peanuts.

John Wesley was once troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream one night transported him in its uncertain wanderings to the gates of hell. "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" asked the thoughtful Wesley. "Yes," was the reply. "Any Universalists?" "Yes." "Any Congregationalists?" "Yes." "Any Methodists?" by way of a clincher. "Yes," to the pious Wesley's disgust and indignation. In the mystic ways of dreams, a sudden transition, and he stood before the gates of heaven. "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" he inquired. "No," was the reply. "Any Universalists?" "No." "Any Congregationalists?" "No." "Any Methodists?" "No." "Well, then," lost in wonder, "who are inside?" "Christians!" was the jubilant answer.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

J. D. BABBAGE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

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Three months	50

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Ten copies, one year, each	1 00

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☞ *No paper sent beyond time paid for.*

All letters and papers intended for publication, please address the "Editors of the Breckenridge News," or "Editors of News." All communications on Business, address to J. D. Babbage.

All communications must be accompanied by the name of the author. We will, by request, withhold the name from the public.

WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1879.

Democratic Ticket.

AUGUST ELECTION, 1879.

Governor—Luke P. Blackburn, of Jefferson.
Lt. Governor—James E. Cantrill, of Scott.
Attorney General—P. W. Hardin, of Mercer.
Auditor—Fayette Hewitt, of Hardin.
Treasurer—James W. Tate, of Franklin.
Supt. Pub. Instr—J. D. Pickett, of Fayette.
Register—Ralph Sheldon, of Nelson.

COUNTY DEMOCRATIC TICKET
For Representative in General Assembly,
Robert R. Pierce, of Cloverport.

PLATFORM.

1. The Democracy of Kentucky, in convention assembled, reaffirm their attachment to the Constitution of the United States and the union of the States as the best guarantee for the liberties of the people and their prosperity and happiness.

2. They rejoice in the fact that it is in their power to recognize that all the States are restored to their political autonomy.

3. They hereby record their solemn protest that a popular verdict at the polls has been reversed by the action of an electoral commission, and they declare that, while in the interest of peace that result was acquiesced in, yet it shall not be held as a precedent for future violations of right and justice. Though thus deprived of control of the Executive power in the administration of the Federal Government, they congratulate the people of the country at large that the popular will, exercised at the polls, has secured the supremacy of a Democratic majority in both houses of Congress. In further expression of our views we resolve that we have viewed with intense interest the issue between the Congress of the United States and the President, and contemplate with unfeigned anxiety and condemnation the unprecedented attitude assumed by the Executive in his message rejecting the supplies tendered him by the people for the support of their army, upon the wholesome condition that an military force should be used at their elections.

4. That we heartily indorse the position taken by our Senators and Representatives in Congress in coupling with the appropriation bills now pending a demand for redress of grievances by the repeal of existing laws which tolerate the presence of soldiers at the polls, the continuance of test oaths as a condition for jury service, and the employment of Supervisors and Deputy Marshals to control elections.

5. That in this great issue between the people and a partisan Executive we have implicit confidence in our Senators and Representatives, and, indorsing their action up to the present, hereby assure them of our hearty support in whatever action they may take to maintain the fundamental principle that the military power shall be kept subordinate to the civil, and that elections shall be free from executive interference.

6. That we approve the action of the General Assembly in submitting to the people the question of calling a convention for the purpose of forming a State Constitution, and we hereby commend the call to the favorable consideration of the Democratic voters of the State.

Congress adjourned last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Alice Oates—but what's the use? She's reaped.

A license to sell intoxicants is permission to propagate crime.

Laziness and necessity indulged in a *liaison*, and the offspring was invention.

The "greatest effort of Conkling's life" was to keep out of reach of the toe of Lamar's shoe.

Hayes simply imagines that he is the government. That's what's the matter with the old man.

It is apparent that Hargis blazed his way a little too plainly when he first entered the woods office-hunting.

Who will Rufe Arnold practice on with his pistol, now that Jack Cooley has "lit out" from Madisonville.

If Senator Blaine follows his advice to ex-Federal soldiers, and votes as he shot, what ticket will he vote?

The fearless way in which the Madisonville Times is fighting the good fight and keeping the faith is a caution to Mr. Pratt.

The free quinine bill has enrolled Jim McKenzie's name among the saints in every household where ague holds high revel.

An Illinois Congressman is a Cannon only in name. During the war he was a Quaker gun in the quartermaster's department.

The Trigg Democrat proposes to enter Bayard, of Delaware, and Carlisle, of Kentucky, for the Presidential Stakes next year. A weaker team will get the blue ribbon.

Only the change of one letter would convert Senator Windom's name to Wisdom, but it would require a new head and a barrel of brains to produce a like metamorphosis in the man himself.

Several of the papers intimate that Ditto, of the Newport Local, got drunk at the press convention. We don't believe it. There wasn't water enough at Bowling Green to accomplish the feat.

The "walking gentleman" of the company organized by Miss Mary Anderson for the coming season, is to be hanged at Brooklyn, N. Y., for assisting his paramour to remove an inconvenient husband.

The crowd that is going to San Francisco to meet Grant, will be composed almost exclusively of persons who had been sent to penitentiaries for robbing the government and were pardoned by him.

LAW AND PRACTICE IN CRIMINAL CASES.

In several articles heretofore published, we have pointed out what we conceive to be desirable changes in the law governing the practice in criminal cases. The charge is made, and the opinion generally obtains, that there is unnecessary delay in reaching trials, and that many avenues of escape exist in the machinery of administration which obstruct public justice and afford opportunities to evade deserved punishment.

The legitimate design of court and trial is, that the accused may have the charge against him investigated fairly and dispassionately, and, if he has incurred the penalty of violated law, that he shall suffer it. The good of society demands this, and can afford no less. If the conditions of our laws are such that he may baffle an investigation, and finally escape, because of the inability of the prosecuting power which represents the interests of society to produce against him, when a trial is reached, the evidences of his guilt, those conditions should be changed. The practice should be so regulated that every man shall have a "speedy public trial by an impartial jury." The Constitution demands this for the public good as well as for the interest of the accused.

For a number of years, the laws in all the States have been constantly liberalized towards those accused. Not only have penalties been lessened, but the law of practice has been broadened in their favor. Judicial interpretation has followed the tendency of the times, and has traveled in advance of statutes. Public sentiment has sanctioned and compelled the abrogation of capital punishment in many of the States, and in other countries. Defendants are placed on the witness stand in their own behalf. Judges are restricted to a few abstract propositions of law, in their charges to juries, lest they prejudice defendants, and are held to strict accountability at the bar of appellate courts for the slightest *faux pas* in word or gesture which might, perchance, have an effect adverse to defendant's interest in the "battledoor and shuttlecock game" earnest and shrewd counsel are playing before an average jury. In former days, they were required to expound to the jury the law in all its bearings, and to summarize the evidence, and explain to them the effect and nature of testimony. Possessing a knowledge of the subject acquired from study and experience, they could direct the minds of the jury into channels of reasoning and thought more likely to lead to a correct solution, than can be reached by them under our present system. The untutored and inexperienced mind of the juror is left a prey, to a great extent, to the ingenious sophistry of able lawyers. He can not be expected—suddenly called as he always is from his workshop and farm and business house—to be able to sift from the mass of testimony with which nearly every case is necessarily overloaded, the true and the genuine. In these days, he can have no assistance from the judge. The line between law and fact has been sharply drawn, and the judge must not overstep his limit. He has hypothecated every thing in his instructions already given to the jury, and he is now practically *functus officio*, while lawyers and jury are wrestling with the mighty problem of the guilt or innocence of the defendant, and all its consequences both to him and society.

If it be true, as is constantly suggested and generally believed, that crime is on the increase, it is well to inquire whether or not the cause of it does not lie just here. And, if so, ought not the laws to be closely scanned and carefully amended? And would it not be well, also, to inquire whether or not the increase did not begin with the liberalizing tendency of public sentiment, legislative enactment, and judicial interpretation? The question demands the serious attention and earnest thought of the lawmaker and the citizen. The former, because he must formulate and work out the desired changes; and the latter, because he must select from the body of the people one competent and willing to enact such laws as the interests of society demand. We will have more to say in future on this subject.

Dr. Frank told nearly every body on the Beech Fork that his principal object in making the race for the Legislature was to destroy the News. Since he undertook that contract our subscription list has increased 245 names, as our books will show, and without exertion on the part of any one connected with the paper. Last week we received two clubs of ten names each from post-offices we least expected, as the Doctor claims them as his particular strongholds, and declares that in one of the precincts (Clifton Mills) he will get nine out of every ten votes. If he continues his work of destruction with such gratifying results to us until Christmas, we shall consider that we owe and will cheerfully pay him a handsome salary for acting as traveling agent for our paper.

The Republican candidate for the Legislature in Rockcastle county, Mr. T. Q. Carter, was once a citizen of Clark county, where he followed the useful occupation of shoemaking. Unfortunately, he one night "borrowed" a horse without the owner's knowledge or consent, for which he served a term of two years in the penitentiary. He probably desires to go to the Legislature for the purpose of endeavoring to remedy a very obvious defect in the statute relating to grand larceny—the depriving a citizen of his personal liberty for mistaking his neighbor's property for his own.

All of our readers will remember Dr. Frank's righteous indignation over the enormous salary—$5 a day—paid the legislators by the State. They will be surprised to learn that he recently assured Hon. Jonas Wilson—after all the merciless excoriations of that gentleman in his published letters as a robber of the people in pocketing his salary while a member of the Legislature—that he does not think the pay ($5 per diem) is a cent too much. So, you see, it is an awful robbery when pocketed by any body else, but when the Doctor hopes to have the fingering of it himself, then it is the most reasonable salary in the world. All of which goes to show the abundant insincerity of the man.

CURIOUS FIGURES.

The Auditor's report for the year ending October 10th, 1878, reveals some singular facts concerning the support of idiots out of the State treasury. We give a few. The county of Breckenridge has 3, while Breathitt has 18; Caldwell 1, while Clay has 23; Carrol has none, while Clinton has 19; the great county of Jefferson draws for 16, while Wayne comes in with the modest demand for 30; Webster asks for only 2, but Whitley must have sustenance for 23; The short-horn county of Woodford is content with 1, while Morgan is unhappy with 21; The people of Union have no idiots at all, but Pulaski, in order to keep up the average, puts in for 19; Our neighbors of Hancock are too sensible to own that they have a "feeble minded" in all their borders, but they are willing that Casey shall enjoy her share of the average with 19. Artemus Ward, seeing these figures, would likely inquire, "Why is this thusness?" In the mountains, idiocy abounds most. In the more fertile and populous regions, they either have fewer idiots or they go less to the public crib for their support. We suppose the percentage is much heavier in those regions whence they are reported. It goes to show that ignorance and idiocy are twins.

At Mooleyville, and also at Union Star, Mr. Pierce, referring to the Murray bridge charge, proposed that a committee of three good men be selected by the audience to visit Cloverport and investigate the whole matter, and, if they reported that Frank's charge was true, he would pledge himself, when their report was made, to refund from his own pocket the $500 the county paid for the bridge and right of way, provided that Frank, on his part, would pledge himself, in case the committee reported his charge groundless, to pay a like sum into the county treasury. Although this challange to investigate his veracity was twice repeated at each place, Frank was dumb as an oyster. He dared not accept the offer. He, above all other men, knows exactly how much his word is worth. He does not care to pay $500 for the proof that he is a deliberate falsifier.

Prof. Haeckel, of the University of Jena, Germany, has published a learned work on the origin of species, in which he claims that man originally sprung from worms and bugs and insects. We incline to agree with him. There is Zach Chandler, for instance, who unquestionably descended from a stillworm, and Henry Ward Beecher from a straddle-bug, and Ike Trabun from a pisant, and Dr. Frank from a mud-dauber.

Judge Wat Andrews testifies most emphatically that, while he may have signed Hargis' license in February, 1866, it was not completed by the signature of Judge Apperson until the first day of the August term, 1866. In this latter fact he is corroborated by Judge Thomas and W. H. Ringo, and will be further sustained by lawyers Burns and Clarke, of Morehead. On the whole, the outlook is bad for Hargis.

All the Republican great guns of Congress will bombard the ears of the groundlings in Ohio. Ben Butler announces his intention of stumping that State for the Democratic ticket. It looks like the old man wants to come back home. We can say this much for him: He was the author of every Democratic national platform from 1844 to 1860, and turned rascal only after he abandoned our party.

McCLUNG'S GROVE.

On last Friday evening a large audience was highly entertained (at McClung's Grove School House) by the exhibition given by the worthy teacher, Miss Allie Dowell. The situation (on a beautiful hillside) is surrounded by gigantic trees and beautiful flowers; the rosebushes bending their humble forms under their heavy load of fragrant flowers, sending forth their pleasant odor to complete the happiness of the merry throng.

The audience began to assemble about half-past six, and at eight o'clock there were fully five hundred and fifty people compactly seated under a beautiful arbor, decorated with beautiful wild flowers, vines and evergreens, and anxious eyes grew bright as the curtains arose and displayed to their eager gaze beautiful and neatly attired girls and boys.

"The Two Beggars" was very instructive and skilfully acted. "Don't Leave the Farm" was manfully spoken by Master Danial Stith. "Murmur, Gentle Lyre," was sweetly sung by five pretty young ladies. "Grief Too Expensive" caused a hearty laugh. "The Would-be School-teacher" was a splendid piece, and was nobly acted. "Row the Boat" was sweetly sung by Mattie Jourdan. "The Maniac" was splendidly acted by Georgia Dowell. "The Way to Windham" was real good. "The Rival Lectures" were cleverly spoken by Gus. T. Dowell and James E. Norris. "Boarding School Accomplishments" was best of all, and caused much laughter, and "Old Uncle Hopeful" received much applause. "The Star of Hope" the farewell song, was beautifully sung by Miss Allie Dowell, bidding her pupils a sad and fond farewell. The crowd quietly dispersed, and wended their way homeward, leaving the old school-house in silence but hoping to return ere long to witness another such scene. VIOLA.

A Musical Convention

Will be held at Hill Grove, Meade county, on the 21st instant, and last five days. The convention will be under the direction of Prof. J. S. Pfrimmer, with five able assistants. This will be a rare musical treat, and all should attend.

No eloquent tongue or pen is needed to commend Coossens' Lightning Liniment to an appreciative public, as a cure for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Bruises, Sprains, Corns and Bunions. It is also unequaled as a remedy for the ills that commonly afflict horses, such as Spavin, Ringbone, Galls, Scratches, etc. Warts and Knots being easily removed by its use. Try Coossens' Lightning Liniment, and you will want no other. Price 50 cents a bottle. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor Hardinsburg, Ky.

We are forced to defer our Owensboro, Princes of Wales and High Plains letters till next week.

Letters remaining in the postoffice July 1, 1879. If not taken out in one month will be sent to the dead letter office.

Miss Emma Ahl; Miss Lettie Adkison; Wm. H. M. Bassham; Mrs. Harriet A. Boitinghouse; Mrs. Amanda Braham; Wm. P. Beavan; S. D. Cruse; David Carter; Susan A. Chapin; T. W. Dyer; Essie Dean; W. H. Dillingham; Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald; David Holder; Mrs. Sarah Holmes; Miss Sarah F. Huff; Henry O. Johnson; Hugh Kennedy; George Linsey; Miss Nanie Moreman; Mrs. M. L. Munroe; Mrs. Martha McQuady; Mrs. Sun Nichols; Henry C. Pate; Commodore Polk; Wm. Reda; Patrick Shoran; C. M. Sholdon; Mrs. Martha Simmons; Miss Naomie Stith; Miss Lucy Smith; Stanton P. Stone; Elias W. Smith; C. D. Wilson; J. P. Wright; Alexander Wilson; Mrs. Bell Wheatley.

J. C. Heist, P.M.

Catholic Jubilee.

The exercises for the Jubilee proclaimed by the present Pope, Leo XIII, conclude in Cloverport to-day. The Jubilee will be given in the three remaining Catholic Churches in the county as follows: St. Anthony's, Long Lick, the second Sunday of July; St. Mary's, Beech Fork, the third Sunday; and St. Romualds, Hardinsburg, the fourth Sunday of the month. The exercises will continue three days in each church.

J. L. Miller sells more work than all the balance in this county. He makes good work, and sells cheaper than anybody else.
n45-tf.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

R. R. Pierce, Democratic Candidate for the State Legislature, will address the voters of Breckenridge County at the following times and places:

Hardinsburg, Monday, June 17.
Mooleyville, Thursday, July 3.
Union Star, Saturday, July 5.
Clifton Mills, Tuesday, July 8.
Webster, Wednesday, July 9.
Bewleyville, Thursday, July 10.
Big Spring, Friday, July 11.
Hog-Walk, Saturday, July 12.
Cloverport, Tuesday, July 15.
Wheatley's Store, Wednesday, July 16.
DeHavens, Thursday, July 17.
Forks of Rough, Friday, July 18.
Hudsonville, Saturday, July 19.
Hardinsburg, Monday, July 21.
Stephensport, Thursday, July 24.
Hazel Dell Church, Friday, July 25.
Liberty Hall, Saturday, July 26.
Locust Hill, Thursday, July 31.
Constantine, Friday, August 1.
Cross Roads, Saturday, August 2.

Speaking each day at 1 o'clock P.M.
Dr. J. H. W. Frank is respectfully invited to attend. R.R. Pierce.

N. McC. Mercer, County School Commissioner, will attend at each of the above appointments, for the purpose of meeting and consulting with the School Trustees of the several districts. He hopes that every Trustee in the county will make it a point of duty to meet him.

New Advertisements

Do You Feel Bad?

Languid, Depressed in Spirit, Chilly, have you Headache, Pain in the Shoulders or Back, Dizziness, Coated Tongue, Fever and Ague, and out of sorts generally? Nature is telling you that your **Liver** is failing to do its work, and the secretions of the system are being thrown back into the blood; dangerous results will follow unless you act promptly. Take **Sellers' Liver Pills** at once. These Pills are a standard remedy—have been long in use and are highly recommended. Says Dr. Oakley, of Detroit, Mich.: "**Sellers' Liver Pills** are admirably calculated for bilious climates." Andrew Sawyer, of Joliet, Ill., says: "A friend recommended the use of your **Liver Pills**, and after using two boxes of them I was entirely cured of a severe attack of liver complaint." For sale by all druggists. Price 25 cents. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. W. B. White, agent, Cloverport, Ky. se4ly

NOTICE.

State of Kentucky,
County of Breckenridge. }

To Whom it May Concern.—Be it known that we, Wm. Stout and F. M. Dougherty, both of said county, have paid all visible claims and taken possession of a Stray Barge of Coal, lying wrecked and sunk near the channel of the Ohio river, near Holt's Bar, Kentucky. Said Barge has both ends out. We are now raising the coal in our own interest, and forbid all trespass. Should the original owner present himself, he can have his property by paying all reasonable charges. Said Barge is supposed to contain about 3,000 bushels of coal.

July 2, 1879. Wm. Stout,
n51-3t F. M. Dougherty.

STATEMENT

Of the condition of the Breckinridge Bank, of Cloverport, Ky., at the close of business, June 30, 1879.

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$45,808 00
Deposits	47,543 17
Discount and Exchange	2,668 55
Total Liabilities	$96,011 72

RESOURCES.

Notes and Bills Discounted	$57,974 07
Expenses, Taxes and Interest	1,419 47
Protest Account	24 48
Revenue Stamps	10 00
Profit and Loss	82 08
Debts in Suit	1,013 23
Bank Fixtures and Furniture	1,540 40
Suspended Debt	87 50
Due by Banks	18,773 28
Currency	15,086 31
Total Resources	$96,011 72

I, A. B. Skillman, Cashier of the Breckinridge Bank, Cloverport, Ky., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. B. SKILLMAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 3rd day of July, 1879, J. D. GREGORY,
n51-5t Notary Public, B. C., Ky.

JAS. H. RODGERS, E. H. KINGSBURY,

RODGERS & KINGSBURY,
CONTRACTORS,
CARPENTERS & BUILDERS,
CLOVERPORT, KY.

The above parties have entered into a copartnership, under the above-named firm title, and offer their services to the public as builders and mechanics of experience. They claim to know their business, and guarantee satisfaction in every instance. Heavy framing a specialty. Estimates on work or material given on short notice. They solicit the patronage of all the surrounding country wanting work in their line.
n51-1y RODGERS & KINGSBURY.

THE WEEKLY
POST AND NEWS.
The Best Dollar Paper in the Southwest.
$1 00 PER YEAR.
11 COPIES TO ONE ADDRESS $10.
The Daily and Weekly, One Year, for $6.75.
Address, POST AND NEWS, Louisville, Ky.
s49-6t

Health Ordinance.

WHEREAS, the State of Kentucky, and the County of Breckenridge, have appointed Boards of Health; and whereas, Dr. J. R. Holt, of our town, has been appointed Chairman of the County Board of Health, now, in order to enable said Dr. J. R. Holt and his successors to carry into effect the duties imposed upon them, in the town of Cloverport, therefore,

Be it ordained, That the said Dr. J. R. Holt and his successors be and are hereby empowered and authorised to order the removal, abatement or prevention of any sanitary nuisance in the town of Cloverport, and to specify a reasonable time within which it shall be done, and in the event of the failure of the owner, agent, or occupant of the premises to comply with the order of the health officer to so remove, abate, or prevent any sanitary nuisance, within the time given, he or she shall be liable to a fine, in the police court, of not less than five nor more than ten dollars, and it shall be the duty of the health officer to institute proceedings in said court to enforce the removal, abatement or prevention of said sanitary nuisance.

This ordinance to take effect from and after its passage. J. W. RAITT, Clerk.
n50-3t

$2,000 A YEAR for a RELIABLE BUSINESS MAN in each county. New business. Address J. B. CHAPMAN, 75 West st., Madison, Ind. n50-12t

$1500 TO $6,000 a year, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50c to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
n49-ly

J. L. MILLER

Has the Aultman & Taylor
Thresher
for sale. It threshes so
Clean
that chickens would
Starve to Death
on the straw stack. n45-tf

Notice to Pensioners.

All persons drawing a pension, and wishing to apply for arrearages under the new law, can have their papers fixed up correctly, on moderate terms, by calling on the undersigned at his place of business in Cloverport.
e30.tf JNO. C. BABBAGE.

Sawyer, Wallace & Co.

We are prepared to make Liberal Advances on Tobacco for shipment to the above Firm in New York City. We are also prepared to Factory Dry for Farmers and others, and will guarantee every hogshead to open sweet.

We have a contract for the season on Freights, and will give our patrons the inside track. Should freights decline from our standpoint we can avail of it. Rates shall not exceed 35c per 100 lbs. delivered in the Warehouse in New York City, and may come less.

For the benefit of the trade, we will state that Tobacco is frequently bought and shipped from the Western cities to New York for sale, but is rarely shipped from New York to the West for sale. P. V. & H. V. DUNCAN.
n40-6m

ROOT, HOG, OR DIE!

JOE HOGG

Wishes it distinctly understood that he has to make a living for his family, and prefers doing it, as becomes a good Christian, by the sweat of his brow. In order to get a show for his white-alley he invites attention to his

Bottom Prices!

Buggies painted for	$5 00
Spring wagons	3 50

Sign-painting and Graining at greatly reduced prices. Shop in rear of Witt & Cooper's Blacksmith shop. J. R. HOGG.
n46-3m

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all of your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. e49-ly

D. P. FAULDS,
165 Fourth Street,
Louisville, Ky.

PIANOS.

Splendid Rosewood, 7 octaves, at $160 and Upward.
Splendid Rosewood, 7⅓ octaves, at $170 and Upward.

ORGANS.

Splendid Instruments, with 9 stops, at from $69 50 and Upward.

THESE elegant Pianos and Organs are fully warranted by their makers and myself. The prices given are a little over the cost, and at these prices can be sold only for cash. Catalogues and prices furnished upon application.

Fine Italian violins, with case and bow, at $3 90 and upward. Fine Guitars, with case, at $4 50 and upward. Fine Accordeons, with two sets of reeds, at from $3 45 and upward.

All kinds of Musical Instruments, Music, Music Books, Strings, &c., at lowest wholesale prices, net cash. Any piece of music published in the United States mailed free of postage, and any musical instrument forwarded on receipt of its price. Address

D. P. FAULDS,
165 Fourth Street
n45-6m Louisville, Ky.

Sewing Machines

REPAIRED. NEEDLES, OIL AND ALL MACHINE FINDINGS FOR SALE. ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. J. W. SUTTON,
n46-tf Hardinsburg, Ky.

Call on J. D. BABBAGE if you want a nice Scarf or Tie, something that will take your girl's eye.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, Lakeside and Seaside Library editions of all the popular novels, ranging from 10 to 20 cents per volume, for sale by J. D. Babbage, 33 Wall St., Cloverport, Ky.

CLOVERPORT MARBLE WORKS,

EUGENE T. HAYNES,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HAYNES & CO.)
PROPRIETOR AND DEALER IN
ITALIAN & AMERICAN MARBLE,
And Manufacturers of
MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES ETC.

☞ Every description of Marble Work executed promptly, in the most workmanlike style, and satisfaction Guaranteed. New and Beautiful designs, Low Prices, and fair dealing.

WALL STREET, BETWEEN ELM AND POPLAR.
Cloverport, - - - - - Kentucky.
July 31 ly

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

We are offering Great Bargains to those wishing to purchase
Road Wagons,
Spring Wagons,
Buggies, Plows
Reapers and Mowers
Threshers, Hay Rakes,
Cultivators of all kinds, &c.

Horseshoeing and all kinds of Repairing done in First-class Style, on Short Notice, and Repainting promptly done on Old Work.

FARMERS

Wishing any thing in our line would do well to give us a call before buying elsewhere, and satisfy themselves that our prices are at the bottom. WITT, COOPER & DYER.
n35-6m

PLANTERS' MILL,
HARDINSBURG, KENTUCKY,
J. & A. P. HOOK. - - - - - - - Proprietors.

Flour, Meal and Feed kept on hand and for sale at the lowest market rates.

CUSTOM DAYS:
MONDAY AND TUESDAY,
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

A FIRST-CLASS SAW MILL.

Lumber of all kinds constantly on hand, as cheap as any body. Tobacco Hogsheads a specialty.

Cash paid for Wheat!
n34-ly

Stoves, Tinware and Guttering!

F. WALTER. JAS. T. SKILLMAN.

WALTER & SKILLMAN,
Dealers in
STOVES, TINWARE AND CASTINGS!
WALL STREET, OPPOSITE BOWMER & HAMBLETON'S,
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

Repairing, Tin Roofing, Guttering, and all kinds of Job Work done promptly and in the best manner. Our prices are guaranteed to be as low as any other house. Please give us a call, and learn our terms.

ja29-ly WALTER & SKILLMAN.

Fever & Ague, Chills & Fever,

NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, as well as all forms of MALARIAL FEVERS and DISEASES are permanently cured by

Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer.

It does not contain Arsenic, Calomel, Mercury, Quinine, or Injurious Drugs —Don't forget this if you value health. Many medicines now on the market rely on one or more of these poisons or strong drugs, or upon others equally as bad for what little claim they have to merit. At best they only give temporary relief and are liable to permanently injure the system. Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer is positively free from these and every other harmful ingredient and may be given to young children or persons in feeble health without possibility of a shadow of injury being produced. The proprietor holds himself responsible for this statement and pledges himself to the public to guard and protect the absolute purity and great merit of this medicine by personal attention to its manufacture. He receives many letters from persons saying they have been humbugged by worthless medicines. This naturally makes them skeptical and is likely to destroy confidence even in articles of real merit. Hundreds of statements similar to the one given herewith could be published if our space allowed of it. The proprietor refers to thousands who have used this medicine and are advising others to use it as evidences of its merit. From J. Singleton, No. 271 Jefferson Street, Louisville, Ky., March 10, 1879: "I suffered for many years almost constantly with Fever and Ague or Chills, had several doctors, used Quinine and other medicines freely, all failed to cure me, was completely unfitted for work. Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer cured me last August and I have enjoyed perfect health ever since. I gained rapidly in flesh and strength. I believe this medicine possesses most remarkable merit, and in my case it was apparent from the very first dose I used." Price $1.00 per bottle. For sale by druggists and general dealers.

HENRY A. MAGILL, Prop'r, Louisville, Ky.

For sale by A. R. FISHER, Cloverport, Ky.
n39-ly

BUSINESS TAUGHT AS IT IS BEST PRACTICED.

ADVANTAGES:

Located in one of the healthiest and most attractive cities in the Union.
A course of study practically illustrating business details by duplicate records from prominent Commercial Houses.
The teachers are not theoretical book worms but experienced business men who have successfully practiced what they teach.
Short, concise but thorough course of study, affording as much available and useful knowledge in three months as could be secured in twelve under the old theoretical routine methods.
Each student receives individual instruction and his progress is neither unduly hastened nor retarded by others.

WARR'S BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
No. 80 W. Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

☞ Students are received by the month, quarter or course, the low rates of tuition placing the great advantages of our school within the reach of all.
Arrangements are made by which those from a distance can secure good board and lodging at very low rates.
The entire expenses of a full business course in this institution including tuition, books and board, need not exceed ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.
Send us a list of names of young men age from twelve to twenty years and receive our College Journal for one year free.
College Quarterly, giving full particulars sent free to any address.

WARR & BURKS, Prop'rs.
n43ly

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau 10 spruce street, where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1879.

TOBACCO QUOTATIONS.

LOUISVILLE, July 7.

We quote as follows, with the remark that packages not in sound order are about 50c per central lower:

	Light.	Heavy.
Trash	$2 50@3 75	.....
Common lugs	3 75@4 50	.....
Med. to g'd lugs	4 00@5 00	.....
Common leaf	5 00@6 00	$5 00@6 50
Medium leaf	6 00@7 50	6 50@7 00
Fair to good leaf	7 00@8 00	.....
Export selections	8 00@10 00	.....
Med. to g'd wrappers	10 00@12 00	.....
G'd to fine wrap'rs	13 00@15 00	.....
F'cy bright wrappers	Nominal.	.....

COLONY—The following quotations are for new crop tobacco:

Common lugs	8 00@ 9 00
Good lugs	10 00@12 00
Common to medium leaf	12 00@14 00
Medium to good leaf	14 00@16 00
Good to fine leaf	16 00@18 00
Extra fine leaf	18 00@25 00

The sales Saturday aggregated 64 hogsheads.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Jesse Webb, of Louisville, is spending the summer here.

Mr. H. C. Blain has our thanks for late Leadville, Col., papers.

Mr. Geo. F. Haynes, of Owensboro, spent a few days in the city last week.

Mr. J. L. Miller has moved to his new residence on corner of Wall and Oak streets.

Mr. Chas. S. White, of Greenville, Miss., will arrive this week to spend the summer.

Mr. Fred Fraize and wife, of McDaniel's, are the guests of Mr. Frank Fraize, this city.

Mrs. P. A. Dhonau, of Henderson, is visiting Mrs. F. L. Roff, at the Cloverport Hotel.

Mrs. Amelia Cowden and daughter, Miss Annie, are visiting relatives in Jeffersonville, Ind.

Misses Mamie Smith and Mattie Wales, of Prince of Wales, are guests of Mrs. Henry Davis.

Mr. Lloyd Lock and wife, of New Albany, Ind., were visiting the family of Mr. James M. Campbell last week.

Dr. A. A. Antrim, famous in other days as Van Amburg's popular clown, was in town Saturday, discoursing on the ailments of the horse.

We had the pleasure of a visit Monday from Esquire and Miss Lizzie Foote and Mr. Thos. Drury, the Bewleyville delegates to the State Sunday School convention, which met at Owensboro yesterday.

C. G. Sterett and wife, Henry C. Boyd and Miss Louise Heusen, and Mr. Sam P. Thomas and Miss Jennie Sterett, composed a Hawesville party of pleasure-seekers who came up Monday and spent yesterday at the Tar Springs.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Wasn't it hot, though?

Flint Island hay still grabs unwary boats.

Two boats grounded at the wharf Friday.

The bottom of the river is fast getting on top.

Read the Health Ordinance in another column.

The Fashion was terribly behind herself Saturday.

102 was the record of the thermometer Thursday.

The Mooleyville jubilee on the third was a big thing.

Will Watkins is the funny man of the gymnasium.

The circuses can give us the "go by," now, if they like.

Corn is terribly twisted by the heat in portions of the county.

The robbers and incendiaries of Sunday night week are still at large.

Wall street was blocked for several days last week with a moving house.

The semi-annual statement of the Breckinridge Bank appears in this issue.

Gymnasium stock has advanced fifty per cent. since the night of the Fourth.

The Pinchecoe girls carried the day at Morton's. You bet they can dance.

Jo Hogg told the people out at Morton's what he knew about the Fourth of July.

The calaboose was raised several feet higher from the ground Saturday evening.

The gymnasty boys gave an excellent show Friday night. And they had a good crowd.

The finest field of corn on the road between here and Morton's belongs to James Seaton.

Sunday was the hottest day of the season. The thermometer stood at 102½ in the shade.

Burglars relieved the Adams Express office at Tell City, one night last week, of $2,000 in money.

Farmer Norris, the Republican candidate for the Legislature, has come to stay—till the August election.

The weather came to our Fourth o' July frolics. It arrived about noon, and, for awhile fairly poured.

Owing to the illness of Rev. J. L. Edrington, there were no services at the M.E. Church last Sunday.

There will not be enough blackberries in this county to furnish one square meal for a hungry woodpecker.

The pretty Pinchecoe girls should go over to the Falls next Saturday, and dance for the benefit of the church.

The Fashion, due from below Sunday morning, did not reach this port until 2 o'clock Monday afternoon.

We've got a circus of our own, and intend to give all our odd quarters in the encouragement of home talent.

A rousing and joyous crowd celebrated the Fourth at the Morton's Mill barbecue. Lots of fun, but no drunkenness.

On our fourth page will be found Parson Hirshburg's vindication by his lawyers, presiding elder, and stationed preacher.

A rejected and dejected young man tried to drown himself Sunday morning, but there wasn't enough water in the river.

We heard it remarked the other day that although Mr. Geo. Haynes is a resident of Owensboro, he feels dearly interested here.

The prettiest girl at Morton's on the Fourth was—well, we won't name her here—but have writ her name in one corner of our heart.

We fully intended to go out to the Falls next Saturday, but a private dispatch from the clerk of the weather says it will be "too hot" for us.

The Danbury News speaks of a baby that weighs one and a half pounds, and says that a lady's finger-ring will slip over its arm to the shoulder.

Sunday was the hottest yet. It was so hot that people had to cook with ice for fuel. At least we heard a young lady say so who is a member of the church.

The many friends of Miss Mollie Hawkins will be glad to know that her sore hand is about well, notwithstanding rumors that that useful member had been amputated.

The Sewing Society meets at the residence of Mrs. R. L. Newsom this evening. A full attendance is desired, as they have several suits to make for the gymnasium.

The Sunday School children had a pleasant juvenile picnic in Murray's Wood on the Fourth, and were as happy a set of young 'uns as ever were turned loose to enjoy themselves.

Mr. Wm. Huckeby is sawing the lumber for Bowmer & Hambleton's new building. He is as industrious, wide-awake, go-ahead citizen, and there is lots of room for a hundred thousand like him in this county.

The building recently occupied by Walter & Skillman, corner of Elm and Wall streets, has been moved to the middle of the square below, on Wall street, to make room for Bowmer & Hambleton's new brick business house.

Dr. R. L. Newsom has contracted with a firm in Louisville to furnish them 100,000 wagon spokes, to be delivered by the 1st of September. This will create a large demand for hickory timber, and give employment to a large number of idle hands.

Judge Blant Shacklett, whose serious illness we noted last week, died at his home near Beardsdown on the night of the 28th ult. Meade county has experienced a loss not easy to repair in the death of this estimable citizen and official. He was indeed every inch a man.

Mr. R. Y. Bush has taken editorial charge of the Hawesville Plaindealer. Mr. Bush is an old lawyer of repute in the community and at the bar, and will make his mark in the newspaper world. We are pleased and proud to welcome him, and hope that he will reap fame, pleasure and profit from his present venture.

An eight or ten year old "ward of the nation," named Charley Richardson, black as a stack of black cats in a coal cellar at midnight, began his future career as a thief by stealing two or three dollars from the post-office drawer Saturday. The money was recovered, but the little rascal succeeded in making his escape.

Jim Tilford, the Caneyville blacksmith, having been accused by Geo. E. Chinn with being a member of a gang of burglars and robbers, is out in a card "confessing" his innocence of the charge. If Jim had always let whisky severely alone, he would never have degraded his name sufficiently for such men as Chinn to use it with freedom.

Misses Annie Murray, Rena Webb, Allie Pierce, Annie Duncan, Malinda Dhonau, Lizzie Kay, Georgia White, Esther Brown, Mrs. Mattie LaHeist, and Messrs. F. H. Pierce, David S. Murray, R. E. Woods, Jer. J. B. McDonald and P. V. Duncan, compose the Cloverport delegation to the Sunday School Convention at Owensboro this week.

Mr. Charles Millwood, carpenter, of this city, came very near dying Monday night from an attack of the real, old-fashioned, genuine Asiatic cholera. People can not be too careful in eating and over-exertion during this intolerable heated term; and they can not be too industrious in cleaning up and purifying their premises. Cholera is something that requires but small encouragement to become epidemic.

Mr. Charles Riedel, with his family, moved to Louisville, last week, where it is his purpose to engage in the bakery business. Mr. Riedel moved to this place about twelve years, ago, comparatively a poor man, opened a bakery, and has by his energy, fair dealing and unflagging industry, accumulated a very handsome competency. He and his estimable wife leave many friends, who regret their departure and wish them much success in their new home.

The Cloverport delegation to the Mooleyville banquet and fandango on the 3rd, are unatinted in their praise of the hospitality of that people. A big and orderly crowd was in attendance, they had lots and of the best to eat, and joy was unconfined. The merry-hearted and light-footed danced their fill; the gourmands filled their stomachs with goodies; the love-smitten paired off and sought shady corners for mutual adoration; the staid and steady listened to the political discussion between Pierce and Frank; everything with everybody went "merry as a marriage bell." We can assure the big-hearted and open-handed Mooleyville folks a rousing delegation from this place the next time they fling their doors open to the outside world to enter and make merry with them.

Another Fighting Parson.

In order to avert all misconceptions, we deem it necessary to state that we received none of the information of the following fracas from Mr. Holder or any of the Rileys.

Rev. James McClary, of Hancock county, and Mr. H. B. Poots, of the same county, being neighbors and professing Christians, dwell together in unity and harmony like—something particularly hot. Last Saturday week these two brethren met each other in the highway near Pellville, and at each other they went, hammer-and-tongs. They exhibered their tongues, and in a few minutes the air was blue about them and smelled exceedingly sulphurous. Finally Parson McClary raised his Ebenezer in the shape of a club, and essayed to smite Brother Poots even as the Levite smote the Benjaminite. Brother Poots, in lieu of the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, brandished his pocket-knife, and went for the Parson even as the Amolkite went for the Philistine. Thwack! fell the Parson's club on the Brother's crown. Swish! went the Brother's knife into the Parson's breast. Result—A deep and long wound on the Parson's *brust*, and a walnut-sized knot on the Brother's "conk." The Parson fell back for repairs, and the Brother galloped into Pellville and surrendered himself to the representative of the law in the person of the village Police Judge, who held him in the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars to appear at an examining trial next Saturday week. This makes the second pitched battle in Hancock's Holy War.

The True Way to Invigorate.

The true way to invigorate a feeble system is to infuse activity into the operations of the stomach, that wondrous alembic in which the food is transmuted into the constituents of blood, the chief element of our vitality. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, because it accomplishes this end, is greatly to be preferred to many so called tonics, useful indeed as appetizers, but inoperative as aids to digestion and assimilation. This sterling cordial, while it invigorates the stomach, healthfully stimulates the liver, bowels and kidneys, ensuring the escape through the regular channels of effete and useless matter thrown off by the system, which is thus purified as well as invigorated by it. Its tonic influence is soon made manifest by an increase of vital energy and a more active and regular discharge of every physical function, and it has the further effect of rendering the system unassailable by malarinl epidemics.

WANTED FOR SHARP CASH.

500 cords Hickory timber, suitable for wagon spokes. R. L. NEWSOM.
no 50-3t.

HARDINSBURG.

We want a dancing school here.

Peter Feyman is able to be out again.

There are some Frank electors in the woods.

Oh, whnt an excursion! Fie on that Hawesville crowd!

There is a young lady in Holt's Bottom that never reads this column.

Beard & Beeler offer special inducements for cash, or exchange for produce.

It is probable that we will have a Democrat to represent us in the next Legislature.

The town trustees have put coffee-house license up to $150. This will apply to beer saloons.

The stockholders of the Breckenridge Agricultural and Mechnical Association announce a Fair for October.

We stood on our head, skinned the cat, and straddled the gymnasium pole at Cloverport, the other night. We are bad.

Dr. J. R. Holt, Chairman of our Board of Health, deserves credit for the rigid enforcement of sanitary measures in Cloverport.

All persons indebted to Beard & Beeler will please come forward and settle without being further notified.

BEARD & BEELER.

The Courier-Journal makes more to do over what she calls "Our boys in Brenthilt," than any other sheet in the country would over a movement of the whole United States army. Now, please give us a rest on that. If there's a dearth of news, lift your base ball club.

A young lady at Bewleyville,
Of whom we are very fond,
Sent us word to keep still
About that old Duck Pond.

"Your items on the old thing
Are not sweet to me a bit,
If I couldn't give 'em a better sing
I'd hang up and quit.

"You either say it's froze over,
Or else it's all dried up,
And such a column to paper lover
Is thin as sour catsup.

"When somebody and I come down again
To stay a week or so,
You'll put that old Duck Pond in
When we should have a blow.

"Now let the old thing drop here,
And get up something new,
Or I'll send my feller down there
To put a head on you."

CLIFTON MILLS.

Pass around the fans.

Colorado potato bugs are numerous.

Oats will have to be pulled this year.

The tobacco crop will be light in this section.

Clifton mills can boast of an organ.

Fred Wheeler is again upon his "pegs," after having suffered from a severe attack of rheumatism.

Miss B—— does not likn to be accused of spending a portion of her time in "lapland."

As the election draws near, a great many of our citizens appear very "Frank" in expressing themselves.

Miss Ella Moseley, one of Stephensport's fair belles, was the guest of Miss Leona Adkison, of this place, last week.

Miss Sallie Miller, who has been attending school at Bethlehem, returned home last week.

One of our gallant young men went sparking last Sunday, and, when he went to get his duster, besides finding a charming bouquet in his pocket, he found a Shanghai berry. Will some one oblige him by giving the emblem of this?

Q—— R——, we think you had better take the old man's advice—"either take the girl or quit."

Look out, girls, Miss S—— is very attractive, and J—— B—— is desperately in love with her.

Can't the widows and old maids get up a subscription to buy "pap" Jim a new hat? He says he would "set out" if he had a new hat.

Well, now, it does beat the world, that some one has torn the back part of our spelling-book out, and we can't get a French or Latin phrase to set our pipes agoing. Mr. Editor, you can just put one on that will make the rest ashamed of themselves.

APOLEGETICUS.

MT. ZION.

Good morning.

We are having warm weather now.

Yes, rather warm for the season.

Many thanks, dearest "Gypsy," for your sympathy.

Oh, my! we wish we had a saucer of ice-cream from some fair hand!

Our Bewleyville cousin reminded us very much of a lemon, without much sugar, the last time we saw him.

We guess ducks can swim in the pond now. We do not know, either; she did not look much like she could the last time we saw her in that buggy.

"Ben Flute," we think it is time you was traveling as a Moorman missionary. The very idea of ripe beans! Who ever heard of the like? We have dried beans, up here.

What has become of T. C——? Is he dead, or only sleeping? We guess he is recalling days long vanished, and the hopes that once made him appear so joyous and gladsome.

Oh, yes, I——; we heard you were mad last fourth Sunday. We thought there was something resting very heavy upon your mind. F—— was with Miss L——, which we suppose was the cause of it. You must not let your angry passion rise.

Sam, that young lady says she was very sorry she was not at home to deliver those ducks to you. She knows you are needing them very bad, if reports be true. You must be certain and bring the old woman with you next time. So mote it be.

"What did you come here for? Why did you not come on?" we heard a young lady exclaim to another couple the other Sunday, as they rode up to Dr. P——s. There was deep meaning in those words. They mean business, I tell you they do. We think it will not be long before he will take her home.

With tears in his eyes, and with an aching heart, with subdued sobs, he said low, but mournfully, "She is going to marry." We asked him, "who?" "Miss L. H—— and Mr. T. F.——." L——, you must not be so hard on the poor fellow, when he is just getting over the measles. He is fast fading away. Do not despair, L——.

Dr. R. O. Pulliam, Mrs. A. V. Moorman and children, and Misses Annie Skillman and Lucy Pulliam have just returned from the District Conference at Leitchfield. Harmony and good order prevailed in Conference. We tender our kindest feelings and best wishes to Dr. R. L. Heston and family, Mr. Adams and lady, Bro. Shelton and lady, who so kindly entertained us. We were accompanied as far as Mr. Zion by Bro. W. W. Lambuth, where we were both to give him up, but loved ones at home were waiting and watching for him. We were kindly entertained for dinner by Mr. H. Hunter and lady, of McDaniels. They have our best wishes.

DIXIE.—On the 24th of June, 1879, only daughter of Mr. H. and Mrs. M. Harper, from an injury received on the head. She was a sweet little girl of two summers, but God has called her from earth to heaven.

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more."

Mr. Editor, we expect to visit your city soon. We will call on you. Keep the old woman back until we get a peep at you.

Somebody's handsome,
Somebody's brave and true;
Somebody whispered softly, gently,
"Mrs. Editor, I love you!"

LAURA DEO. DAISY.

BEWLEYVILLE.

Mr. Editor, did you think we had forgotten you? We expect you did, but we haven't.

Had quite a fine rain, week before last.

The general health of the country is good.

Dr. Howard, of Germantown, paid us a visit on the 2nd.

All right, Virge. We won't forget the next moonlight picnic.

We haven't enough of cousin "Ben Flute." cause we like him.

Hurrah! for that new mail-carrier, that Mr. Jackson has employed.

Prof. Greenell, of Brandenburg, has been visiting in our vicinity a few days.

Wheat is now in the shock. The yield is supposed to be more than an average. Corn also looks fine.

"Eva," Kepsy was only giving "That Other One" a chance. Kepsy does wish you were a boy.

That self-made man felt so highly complimented, last week, that he quit work. We hope he will go to work soon, and put from his mind all thoughts of going to Kansas.

Misses Lizzie Board and Sallie Mendor, of Big Spring, came down on the 26th of last month, and remained until the 28th. Come again, girls, but don't come in cloudy weather.

The charming little lady, Miss Bettie Taylor, of Hardinsburg, was visiting the family of Mr. T. J. Drury, last week. Come again, Miss Bettie. We all fell in love with you.

There is one young lady in town that shall not be slighted. That is Miss Maggie Hill. She is pretty as well as good. Never mind, Miss Maggie, the right one will come along after awhile.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Alonzo Bennett, of this place, and Mr. Dan Brooks, of Meadville, bought of Mr. Ford Owen, of this county, eighteen head of cattle, which averaged a little over 1,400 lbs each.

On the last Sabbath in June, the funeral of Mrs. Wash Turpen was preached by Bro. Ames, of Owensboro, at Calico Flat. After dinner, which was on the ground, Bro. Dempsey preached quite a good sermon. The congregation separated, some remaining to hear Bro. Dempsey, and some returning to town to hear a discourse from Bro. Ames at 4 o'clock.

If Kepsy wasn't so busy, she would say something about A. P. Drury and H. F. Richardson; but it is most "grub time," so, farewell. KEPSY.

You can buy a 2-horse Cultivator of J. L. Miller for $12.50, warranted to run well.
n45-tf

Positive Women,

With strong convictions for the true and the right in all matters pertaining to their family affairs, are those who are much in demand—women of indomitable wills and love for the best and most sensible interests of their families, women who, knowing they have sound judgment and capacity for intellectual force, never swerve from the exercise of duty, regardless of the opinions of others. She sees her daughter or sister, with languid eyes, loss of blood to the cheeks, lost appetite, disturbed slumbers, a feeble tottering gait, and complaining of headache, palpitation and general indisposition. With a keen intellect she soon ascertains the cause of all these family troubles, and at once sends for Dr. Drumgoole's English Female Bitters, which she knows will effect a cure.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

Habitual Constipation

Is generally difficult to cure if you lead a closely confined life. You have resorted to pills, but they are too strong and sickening to take all the time. The best informed people now use a saline purgative which is mild, cooling and pleasant, and far preferable to pills and one that acts promptly and effectually and freed from pain. That remedy is Bailey's Saline Aperient. It sparkles and foams just like a glass of soda water, is as pleasant, is cooling in summer, and relieves habitual constipation, cures sick headache, sour stomach, heartburn, etc., and for dyspeptics it has no superior. Only 50 cents for bottles containing 20 doses, which places it in reach of the mechanic and laboring man.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

Do You Shake?

Throw aside your quinine, it affects your head too much, and can not be retained by a delicate stomach. Discard your pills, they are too drastic and pull down your system instead of building up, but send for Day's Ague Tonic, it will cure you permanently of all forms of chills and fever, periodical headache, neuralgia, dumbague, etc' It produces no unpleasant feeling about the head, it requires no other medicine as it performs all that is necessary to be done in the permanent cure of chills and fever, and all malarial diseases. Chronic cases are cured at once.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

DEAR BILL.—Our commencement exercises are over. I have received my diploma, and am now ready to enter with zest into the pleasures of my society. Attired becomingly in a pure white robe, such as angels might love to wear, I took a prominent part in the musical exercises in the evening. Although I had contracted a severe cold a few days before, I was enabled by the use of Coussens' Honey of Tar, the best remedy in the world for coughs, colds, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, to sing so well that I completely enraptured a large audience. Tell Uncle John that the use of that invaluable compound, Coussens' Honey of Tar, will cure his throat. It is only 50 cents a bottle, and can be bought at A. R. Fisher's, Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor's Hardinsburg, Ky.

Yours in haste, ANNIE.

Magistrate's Court

Jno. S. G. Smart, Esq., will hold his first court on Friday, the 27th instant, and the fourth Fridays in September, December, and March thereafter. His jurisdiction extends to the amount of $100, exclusive of interest. JNO. S. G. SMART.
n18-tf

Buy the Champion Mowing and Reaping Machine from J. L. Miller. He sells them cheaper than they were ever sold before.
n45-tf

It Never Fails to Cure.

[Copy.]

GLASGOW, Ky., April 2, 1879.

R. A. ROBINSON & Co., Louisville, Ky.—GENTLEMEN—My daughter, ten years old, contracted the Chills in Breckenridge county, and suffered from them more than a year, all medical attention and medicine being of no avail. She was perfectly cured by the use of HUMES' TONIC.

I have since recommended the Tonic to others, and it has not failed in a single instance to establish a cure. One of our best physicians is using it in his practice, and he has told me that it has never failed in his hands to cure the Chills.

I have heard of a child, a little over four years old, which had Chills for *three* years, with no hope of recovery, being under treatment of a physician most of the time. The Tonic has made a perfect cure, and the child is now rosy and well. Respectfully,

[Signed] E. PETRI.
no40-3m

COAL.

Pittsburgh Lump, delivered, 18 cents.
Pittsburgh Nut, delivered, 16 cents.
Country wagons one cent less.
All coal must be paid for when ordered.
no35-tf F. M. DOUGHERTY.

New Advertisements

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at any thing else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.
n49-ly

A Search Warrant

allows an officer to go through your house from cellar to garret, and **Lindsey's Blood Searcher** is warranted to go through your system from top to toe and drive out all blood diseases. Its cures are wonderful and certified to by doctors, preachers and people. Scrofula, Mercurial Diseases, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ulcers in the Lungs or on the Skin, Boils, Pimples, &c., we warrant it to cure. It is a purely Vegetable Compound and Powerful Tonic. For sale by all Druggists. See that our name is on the bottom of the wrapper. R. F. SKILLERN & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. W. B. WHITE, agent, Cloverport, Ky.
no49y

F. FRAIZE. JAS. MILLER.

SPRING SEASON OF 1879!

THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE OF FRAIZE & MILLER

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

OUR MOTTO:

RELIABLE GOODS AT LIVING PRICES!

STOCK COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT!

RELIABLE Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Fancy Notions and Trimmings.

RELIABLE Men's and Boys' Hats, Fur, Wool and Chip. A Large Importation.

RELIABLE Men's, Women and Children's Custom-Made Boots and Shoes.

RELIABLE Java, Cordova, and Rio Coffees, N. O. Sugars and Molasses.

RELIABLE Hardware, Glassware, Queensware, Woodenware, Stoneware, Etc.

GOOD Bacon and Lard, Flour, Meal and Salt.

FRAIZE & MILLER.
n41-3m

New Goods! New Styles! New Prices!

Come, as the winds come, when forests are rended,
Come, as the waves come, when navies are stranded.

And See

HENRY L. DAMM'S NEW FURNITURE STORE & CABINET SHOP.

STEPHENSPORT, KY.

A full and complete assortment of Furniture, Chairs, Mattresses, Hatracks, Tete-a-tete, Brackets, Looking-glasses, Baby Buggie, Pictures, Picture-Frames, Chromos, Mottoes, etc., found in a first-class Furniture Store.

Parlor, Bedroom, Diningroom, Kitchen, and Office Furniture in sets or single pieces, or made to order. Sash, Doors, Blinds, Glass of all kinds and sizes, and every thing that is needed to build a house.

Church and Schoolhouse Furniture furnished on short notice.

A good stock of COFFINS and BURIAL CASES always on hand.

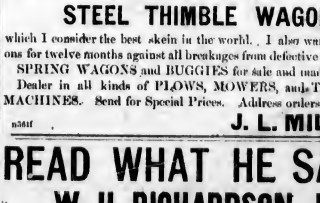
All kinds of Repairing, Refitting, and Re-varnishing done in the best possible manner.

Having for several years worked at the bench in various furniture factories, my large experience guarantees satisfaction.

Country Produce taken in Exchange.

HENRY L. DAMM.
no37-1y

THE "BOSS" WAGON!



In presenting this BOSS WAGON to the people, I respectfully call your attention to its merits. It is made of the best seasoned timber, LOCUST HUBS, and well ironed, PAINTED WITH TWO COATS of red lead, striped and varnished. I also make a

STEEL THIMBLE WAGON,

which I consider the best skein in the world. I also warrant my wagons for twelve months against all breakages from defective workmanship.

SPRING WAGONS and BUGGIES for sale and made to order.

Dealer in all kinds of PLOWS, MOWERS, and THRESHING MACHINES. Send for Special Prices. Address orders to

J. L. MILLER.
n36tf

READ WHAT HE SAYS!

W. H. RICHARDSON, JR.

THE OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE

Has the Largest, the Finest and Oldest lot of WHISKY and BRANDY of any House in the County and for LESS money than can be bought elsewhere. KENTUCKY SOUR-MASH WHISKY, two years past, $1.75 per gallon; APPLE BRANDY, made in this county, three years past, $2 per gallon. Older GOODS in same proportion.

WINDOW GLASS of all Sizes. Sash Primed and Glazed.

FULL LINE OF PAINTS AND OILS. Finest lot of CONFETIONARIES in the Town of

BRANDENBURG, KY.

BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

W. H. RICHARDSON, Jr.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

REV. MR. HIRSHBURG'S VINDICATION.

Editor Breckenridge News:

In your issue of June 18, 1879, appeared one of the most infamous falsehoods that it has ever been my lot to witness. It was headed "A Shooting Parson." The readers of your paper will remember the article referred to. I was accused of being arrested for attempting to shoot a Mr. Richey for interfering between my wife and my brutality; having been attracted to my house by the screams of my wife. I can not believe that any editor who has any regard for his own honor, or for the fair names of others, would write such an article, except he had a personal knowledge of the facts. I was astonished at the utter recklessness and apparent malice of the writer, and attribute it to some evil and malicious enemies in the county in which I reside. Every statement in the article is false. The grossity of the charges has induced me to procure and publish statements from gentlemen of well known standing and integrity, showing the utter falsity of the statements. The difficulty between myself and Mr. Jefferson Richey took place on the public road, some distance from my house, and originated from slanderous reports which had been circulated. No weapon of any description was displayed by either of us. There has been no true friendship existing between myself and Jefferson Richey or his family for a number of years. The origination and termination of our difficulties it is not necessary to state here. I am informed that the author of the article under consideration was a Mr. Holder.* The Holder family are my personal enemies, and the article was written to gratify personal malice. I pronounce the article an infamous falsehood and the author a malicious slanderer, who has not the face to publish the thing in the paper of the county where we all reside, but leaves the county, and in the paper of another county publishes his slanderous statements, thinking, no doubt, that I would never be able to trace up his name, or probably that I would not hear of the article. Thank God for friends.

I will now give the statements of gentlemen of known standing and integrity, setting forth the facts in the case.

LEROY HIRSHBURG.

[*An error. Mr. Holder never wrote a line for this paper in his life.—ED. NEWS.]

THE LAWYERS' STATEMENTS.

About the 1[illegible]th day of this month, Rev. Leroy Hirshberg, of this county, called at my office, and employed me in connection with Mr. Roberts, another attorney at Hawesville, to defend a peace warrant that had been issued from the office of the police judge of Hawesville at the instance of Mr. Jefferson Richey, who resides in the same neighborhood with Mr. H. The warrant and the affidavit made to obtain it were in the usual form. The trial was set for Wednesday, June 11, and on that day, before the time set for trial, Mr. H. made the necessary affidavit and caused warrants to be issued against Mr. Richey and his two sons, and had them placed in the officer's hands for execution. Before the hour set for trial Mr. Richey offered to compromise the whole matter, and I so informed H., who seemed to be willing that the affair should be so arranged, provided the terms were suitable. Both parties, R. and H., then proceeded to the office of the police judge, and had the warrants dismissed and mutually agreed to bury the hatchet. I had frequent conversations with my client in reference to the charge against him, and heard both Mr. R. and his witnesses discuss the case, and never heard the slightest intimation from any of them that the difficulty originated in an effort on the part of Mr. Richey to prevent Mr. H. from misusing his wife and, in fact, her name was not used at all in connection with the difficulties between Mr. R. and Mr. H., who have had frequent disagreements for several years past.

My information (which I think is reliable) fixes the occurrence of the difficulty on a public road, about one half mile from Mr. H.'s residence, and if there was a gun or pistol or other weapon on either side it was not visible. Mr. R. did not claim that Mr. Hirshborg had ever pointed a pistol or gun at him, but merely claimed that Hirshborg had threatened to shoot him. Each party make numerous charges against the other, of the truth of which I have no knowledge, but with reference to the two material statements in the article published in the News, I do unhesitatingly say that I believe neither of them to have any foundation in fact. I refer to the statements that "Richey was attracted by the screams of the parson's wife," and that "the weapon was heavily loaded and aimed with precision."

I have known Mr. Hirshbarg for several years, and with the exception of the troubles he has had with Mr. Richey and his family, have regarded him as a peaceable, law-abiding citizen. I never heard of his mistreating his wife, or drawing a weapon on any one, until I read the above paragraph. His wife is related to Mr. Richey's family, and the two families have not been friendly for several years past. I think the issual of the peace warrants was the culmination of the troubles between the parties and not the result of any single or recent act on the part of either. M. A. MASON.

HAWESVILLE, KY., June 24, 1879.

I was employed with Mr. Mason in the defense of the said peace warrant, and can certify my understanding of the difficulties between Mr. Richey and Mr. Hirshberg to have been as stated by Mr. Mason above. W. S. ROBERTS.

THE CONSTABLE'S STATEMENT.

I arrested Rev. Leroy Hirshburg on the 10th day of June, 1879, under a peace warrant sworn out by Jefferson Richey. I read the article in THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS concerning him, and knowing the facts in the case, I take this opportunity to state that he was not arrested for any thing therein named.

WM. L. STREETT, C.H.C.

THE PREACHERS' CERTIFICATES.

This certifies that at the Third Quarterly Conference of the Hawesville circuit, 1879, Rev. Leroy Hirshburg, local preacher, was, by order of the Quarterly Conference, granted a certificate of good standing, and was recommended to any Quarterly Conference where his lot may be cast. SAML. C. ALLEN, P.E.

HAWESVILLE, KY., June 24.

This certifies that immediately after the Third Quarterly Conference referred to by the Presiding Elder, Rev. S. C. Allen, in the above certificate, Leroy Hirshburg, having been examined, his character passed, and he was granted a certificate of good standing as a member of the M. E. Church, South, according to the rules and regulations of said church.

S. H. LOVELACE,
JUNE 24, 1879. Preacher in Charge.

The Third Quarterly Conference above referred to, was held May 13, 1879. S. H. L.

WOODBURN.

Chegres and seedticks are all the go in this neighborhood.

The farmers are very much in need of rain. There seems to be a general drought through the country.

"Gypsy," you were right when you said "widower."

Miss Ballie Withers from near Hardinsburg, was the guest of Miss Amanda Deane last week.

"Madam Rumor" says there is to be a wedding in our midst soon.

Miss Jessie Robertson has returned from a protracted visit to Louisville and Brandenburg. One by one our girls return.

Mrs. D. C. Moorman, who has been on a visit to her relations at Bewleyville, has returned, accompanied by Misses Belle Hardaway and Fannie Cain, also Mr. Charlie Hardaway. Watch out, Mr. Charlie; some one else is Neal-ing to her now.

Mr. Will is passionately fond of "stuffing."

Notwithstanding the cloudy morning last Sunday, quite a large crowd was gathered at Goshen. Mr. Jas. T. Haswell delivered one of his most eloquent speeches on Education. Judge McC. Mercer also gave us an able discourse on the same subject. Mr. Gid Jolly held the audience entranced during his short speech on the inspiring theme of Temperance. All had plenty of "grub" and enjoyed themselves hugely.

We saw two young ladies consulting the "Oracle" the other day. One seemed particularly anxious to know her destiny. Perhaps she succeeded, for "Where there is a *Will* there is a way."

A remarkable black cloud hung lovingly over the water-bucket during the speaking last Sunday. Judge, did it improve the taste of the water much?

Misses Nannie Jolly and Lora Mercer, two of Hardinsburg's most accomplished young ladies, were out at the speaking.

Among all the happy faces at the temperance meeting, there was but one sad countenance. He seemed to wander with an aimless purpose through the crowd.

With a slow and mournful stutter,
Like one of all hope bereft,
As he wandered, we heard him mutter,
"My heart is 'busted,' you bet I'm left."

Can't some one in Hardinsburg run off, or do something else awful, so as to throw that "Duck Pond" in the shade?

"Hark to the tone of that doleful sound,"
"Hard Up" and his items have run aground.

Au revoir, FAIRY.

BEECH FORK.

Farmers in this neighborhood are in the best of spirits over their crop prospects.

Corn is simply fine, and there is a larger crop than has been planted for years.

Wheat is generally better than last year. Right here let me make a suggestion for the benefit of farmers. Last fall Mr. Charles Patterson bought three bushels of Clawson white wheat from Messrs. Oelze & Reidel, and sowed it on an old, worn-out field, and will, from all appearences, get about seventy-five bushels, while his neighbor will not get that much from forty bushels' sowing of the ordinary grain. Let Mr. Patterson relate his experience with extra seed and extra cultivation for the benefit of the farmer readers of the NEWS.

Oats will be nearly a failure. Some crops, on poor land, would give a hog the back-ache to reach down and bite the tops off.

Very little sickness in our neighborhood at this writing. Some small boys endeavored to get up a corner on cholera morbus with green apples and salt, the other day, but nasty-tasting doctors' truck blocked their game, as well as set their stomachs against a repetition of the venture.

That Sunday crop of tobacco is booming. All of the first setting is in fine condition, but the last setting is badly missing, and will hardly make an average crop.

"Availability" is now the shibboleth of the opposition to Mr. Pierce. They care nothing for capability or honesty. These are obsolete questions. Any body and any thing to beat Pierce, good Satna, is their daily and nightly prayer. Dr. Frank was syphaxing around here a few days ago misrepresenting his opponent and slandering every body and every thing that do not fall down and worship him or conspire to the gratification of his selfish ambition. His assaults upon his nearest neighbors were simply beastly, uncalled for, and disgusting to all decent men who heard him. I may be mistaken, but I do not think he accomplished any thing by his visit.

AUNT POLLY.

FROM HOOSIERLAND.

DANVILLE, IND., June 25.

Editor Breckenridge News:

I arrived in the most beautiful inland city of the west, Indianapolis, on the evening of the 16th, for the first time in my life. This city is noted for its broad streets and diagonal avenues. The business portion of the city is compactly built. Many of the houses are built of stone, but the greater number are of brick. In company with my uncle, I visited several fine buildings and parks. The court-house of this (Marion) county is a beautiful structure, indeed, costing more than two millions of dollars. The Legislature holds its sessions in this house while the new capitol is being rebuilt. This, too, will be a wonderful structure when it shall have been completed. It is said that its cost when completed will reach three and a half millions of dollars, and will take seven years to complete it.

Danville, where I am now stopping, is the county-town of Hendricks county, twenty miles west of Indianapolis, on the I. & St. L. R. R. It is a beautiful town of perhaps 3,000 souls, five churches, and two weekly newspapers. Its court-house cost $80,000. I like to have forgotten to speak of the Normal School building, located in this town, the cost of which was about $65,000. The Normal School is now being held here, with about 275 in attendance. Most of them are teachers. The Professor of the Institute is Mr. Adams, formerly of Kentucky.

This is a fine wheat country, and as this is the midst of harvest, it is a great time of rejoicing among most all classes of people, especially the farmers. Many are the "Harvest Songs" sung by even the little children.

Already I hear farmers talking about the price of wheat. The crop here is fine, and will start off at about 95 cents per bushel.

Bluegrass grows here very well. Most all the country is under fence, and I have seen a good many fine cattle.

But my letter is already too long. May success attend you and the NEWS, is the wish of H. C. TRUMAN.

"James, how is it that my b[illegible]er bills are so large, and I always ha[illegible] [illegible] dinners?" "Really, sir, I don't kno[illegible], or I'm sure we never have any thing [illegible] in the kitchen that we don't send [illegible] of it [illegible] the parlor."

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS!

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.

RACINE, WISCONSIN.

We Make Every Variety of

FARM, FREIGHT, AND SPRING WAGONS!

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the

BEST of WORKMEN,

Using nothing but First-class Improved Machinery, and the Very Best of Selected Timber, and by a Thorough Knowledge of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

The best wagon on Wheels.

We give the following warranty with each wagon:

We Hereby Warrant the FISH BROS. WAGON No. ...... to be well made in every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price-list, will be paid in cash by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.

TITUS G. FISH,
EDWIN B. FISH, } FISH BROS. & CO.
JNO. C. HUGGINS,

RACINE, WIS., January 1, 1879.

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States. Send for Prices and Terms, and a copy of our Agricultural Paper to

FISH, BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.

n44-6m

BOOMING, SWEETLY BOOMING!

THE BIG

B

C. P. BABBAGE,

MANUFACTURER OF

SADDLES, BRIDLES and HARNESS,

CLOVERPORT, - - - KENTUCKY,

Keeps constantly on hand a large Stock of Everything in the

Saddlery and Harness Line,

Which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

GIVE ME A CALL.

C. P. BABBAGE.

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GO TO BABBAGE'S FOR

Fresh Groceries, Confections, Novelties,

Stationery, Literature, School-books, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Toys, Notions, Wall paper, Etc.

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WINDOW SHADES!

FINE CHROMOS!

MACHINE NEEDLES

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GENTS' SHIRTS

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NOTIONS FOR GENTS

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All of the best qualites, latest styles, and at the lowest prices. J. D. BABBAGE.

THE BRECKENRIDE NEWS, only $1.50 a year!

Only Paper in the County.

PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

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BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

IS A LIVE,

Wide-Awake!

COUNTY AND

FAMILY NEWSPAPER!

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By J. D. Babbage,

AT

CLOVERPORT, KY.

TERMS:

$1.50 a Year!

LEADING FEATURES.

LITERARY—Poetry and Stories only of the best merit, avoiding all vulgarity and immoral teaching.

POLITICS—Democratic from A to izzard.

HOUSEWIFERY—Valuable practical hints to housekeepers.

COOKING—Tried and approved recipes for all branches of the culinary art.

HEALTH—Practical hints that will, in many cases, dispense with the expense of a physician, and in other cases afford relief until medical aid can be summoned.

FASHIONS—All the new styles, and changes in the old ones, will be duly noted and reported each week.

AGRICULTURE—Practical papers on farming matters, stock breeding, etc., compiled from reliable, authoritative sources.

COUNTY MATTERS—A vigilant corps of reliable correspondents will furnish us news of every thing that transpires in every neighborhood in the county.

JOB WORK.

WE ARE NOW FULLY PREPARED TO

DO ALL KINDS OF

Plain and Fancy

Job Printing,

SUCH AS,

Cards and Posters,
Circulars and Blanks,
Billheads, Letterheads,
Bills of Lading, Tags,
Statements, Pamphlets,
Briefs, &c., &c.

AT PRICE THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

HENRY KEMPER,

WITH

WILLIAM H. FOX & SON

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PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, GLASS, DRUGGISTS' GLASS-WARE, NAVAL STORES, GLUES, LAMPS AND LANTERNS

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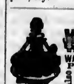
$9.00 SOLID COIN SILVER

American Lever Hunting or Open Face Watch, warranted a good timekeeper, sent to any address, by express, for $9.00, or 50 cents additional if by mail. Send money in registered letter. Address, F. N. D'HUY & BRO., Jewelers, 173 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky. ja1-6m



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STANDARD TURBINE

WARRANTED BEST AND CHEAPEST. Prices reduced. *Pamphlet free.*

Also MILLING SUPPLIES.

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Office: 23 S. Beaver St., York, Pa.

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LOUISVILLE & HENDERSON PACKET LINE.

Passenger, Mail and Express Boats

For all way landings, between Louisville and Henderson, the elegant and fleet steamers

Grey Eagle, Morning Star, and Jas. Guthrie,

Passing Cloverport one down and one up daily

ALL of the Popular Magazines, the Popular Novels, the Illustrated and Family Weeklies, the Standard Poets, the Standard Histories, Bibles, Hymn Books, Song Books, School Books, Copy Books, Slates, Stationary—everything, in short, usually kept in a first-class Book and Notion Store, will be found at J. D. Babbage's, 33 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky.

A Book for all the People!

THE DAILY EXPENSE BOOK.

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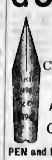

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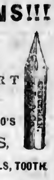

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